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ANONYMOUS POEMS.

“

—Ὀλίγη λιβὰς.—



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P R E F A C E.

The few, and short, copies of verses here published, were written at different times during forty years. Most of them therefore have the full benefit, so much recommended by Horace, (but probably never less practised than in the present time, when every body works quick, and yet expects to last long) of long keeping.

But though hasty publication is likely to lead to hasty judgment, I am afraid it does not follow, that impartial judgment as to one's own productions, will be secured by long delay. It is as with persons ; familiarity *may* breed contempt, but it may, on the other hand, grow into a certain sort of habitual liking, naturally mistaken for approbation.

To publish a very small volume of verses, seems to require an apology ; I suppose, because it seems to mean, that they are thought to be something better than usual. For, it is in vain to tell an author that he seems to be conceited enough to think his verses good ; that is implied in every instance by the publication itself. If a man does not think his verses good, he is foolish towards himself, and impertinent towards the public, to publish them. But as to the smallness of the collection, I must say, that since first I heard of that epigram of Martial's,

“Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura
Quæ legis hic ; aliter non fit, Avite, liber.”

I have always asked, why, except with a view to the profit, can it not? Why might he not have left out the bad poems, at least, if not the middling ones, the former of which, he says, constituted the majority, if he knew which they were? He maintains, indeed, elsewhere, the intrinsic superiority of an unequal writer over an equal one. But the question is of publishing, not of writing. If a man has written a play, or any such entire composition, of which one part is better than another, it must take its chance altogether. But when his work consists of nothing but a collection of separate epigrams, it is hard to see why he was under the necessity of leaving, in the book, that inequality which existed in the portfolio. In fact, it seems to follow from Martial's confession, that it is the long book rather, of the two, that requires the apology; as being likely, wilfully, to contain, and obtrude upon the reader, many things that are bad. Callimachus, in those verses from which my motto is taken, boldly asserts the superiority of his own poems over those of poets who wrote, he says, "as much as the sea;" and the poetess Erinna is highly extolled, in a beautiful epigram, for a production of only two hundred lines, compared to the *numberless* works of other writers.

However, whether an apology is wanted or not, I have none to give, except that I have left out several, and that any thing is better than to write *invita Minerva*, for the sake of filling up a volume.

As to some of the verses, it is unnecessary to say, that it is the business of poets to place themselves in imaginary states; especially as to certain subjects.

F. C.

WHAT tidings hast thou, savage tempest of ocean?

What sky was thy mother, what country thee bore ?
What home hast thou left, in thy far-sweeping motion,
The snow-cover'd land, or the ice-burden'd shore ?

What prisons of frost, by no summer succeeded,
Where glimmers askance the sun's low-rolling ray,
By the bear unexplor'd, by the walrus unheeded,
Dark hinge of the globe, set thee forth on thy way ?

What eye shall e'er pierce, where thy birth was engender'd ?
Where life, that fills all, cannot struggle to be ;
A desert, to wild uncreation surrender'd !
What horrible secrets are folded in thee ?

But no voice has the tempest, to scatter instruction ;
To wreck, and to wither, its terrible doom ;
Cold offspring of death, bitter tool of destruction,
In all its dread roaring, as mute as the tomb.

SWEET zephyr, what voice, on thy balmy breath stealing,
Can whisper our fancy to freedom and rest ?
Calm regions of pleasure and beauty revealing,
O murmur the songs of thy home in the West !

O tell us of scenes, without care or commotion,
Where all the world's tumults and tyrannies cease ;
What never-vext isle, on the bosom of ocean,
Soft nursling of nature, sinks gently to peace ?

NYMPH of this pellucid spring,
Take our duteous offering :
Teach us, thro' the vale of life,
Undebas'd by vulgar strife,
Our pure course like thee to keep,
Tenant of this hoary steep !
Still, like thee, with duteous care,
To aid the weary traveller ;
Till, with even path, we glide
Down to Death's resistless tide,
And mix an unpolluted wave
In the ocean of the grave.

FRAGMENTS

INTENDED FOR A COPY OF VERSES TO BE SPOKEN AT OXFORD, IN 1814,
AFTER THE VISIT OF THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS.



BUT foil'd in fight, untaught to bear control,
Could fortune tame his yet unconquer'd soul ?
Did Honour still the hero's steps attend,
Or bold Despair immortalize his end ?
O spare the taunt—the Muse disdains to tell
How low the Lord of many nations fell ;
No ! pale, disguis'd, and cow'ring, let him live,
Nor drag to light the trembling fugitive. .

* * * *

He flies—a refuge Elba's rocks afford,
And the bleak isle receives her felon lord.

* * * *

A narrow speck amid the dreary main—

* * * *

He wakes at length,—the dream is fled away,
The ten years' vision of imperial sway.

* * * *

There let his self-consuming spirit prey
 On his own thoughts, and waste his soul away ;
 Or brood in dreams, unscepter'd and alone,
 On fancied crowns, and conquests not his own.

* * * *

And say, shall we, with thoughtless pride elate,
 Slight the grave warning of his awful fate ?
 The still small voice, that speaks in Vict'ry's ear,
 And checks Ambition in its mad career,
 Bids the proud chief, while nations round him bend,
 Adore him conqueror, or hail him friend,
 The sad reverse of earthly pow'r mistrust,
 —So Scipio wept, when Carthage sunk to dust.

* * * *

LUDLOW ! thy mossy banks and groves among
 (Ere yet the hand of Time thy princely bow'rs
 Had sunk in mute decay, and o'er thy tow'rs
 The sober hues of Melancholy flung)
 With mirth and revelry these echoes rung,
 And masque and music sped the laughing hours,
 What time sage Milton tried his youthful pow'rs,
 And the foil'd wiles of wizard Comus sung.
 Mute now the voice of heav'nly minstrelsy,
 That charm'd these walls of old ; nor other sound
 Breaks the still night, save gently murm'ring by
 Teme's silver stream, thy castled steep around,
 While reigns the moon in silent majesty,
 And forms unseen still guard the hallow'd ground.

GREEK EPIGRAM.

I SEND a chaplet, Chloe, for your hair,
 Just cull'd by my own hands, and wove with care ;
 The lily and dark-gleaming violet meet,
 Soft daffodil, and rose-bud ever sweet ;
 Thus crown'd, no longer boast, too haughty maid ;
 You, and your chaplet, do but bloom and fade.

Which will away, and do together
 Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

CAREW.

This is the foundation of Prior's "Garland." Prior was familiar with the Greek epigrams apparently, and fond of them.

It is a pity that the term *epigram* is still applied to the poems of the Greek Anthology, in those languages, in which its ordinary meaning has become so much more restricted. It leads many persons to complain of them as flat, being led to expect something comic or pointed. Those among them, comparatively few, which are really what we now call epigrams, are seldom good ; and all, I believe, of the later, perhaps even of the Roman, period.

SIMONIDES.

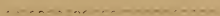


AT Dirphys' foot we fell ; near Aulis stands
Our tomb, rear'd stately by our country's hands ;
'Twas due—life's cheerful prime we lost for them,
Biding, unscar'd, black war's rough cloud to stem.

CALLIMACHUS.



CRETHIS, young prattler, full of graceful play,
 Vainly the maids of Samos seek all day ;
 Cheerfullest workmate, ever talking.—She
 Sleeps here ; that sleep, from which none born can flee.



The Greek epitaphs are remarkably good ; both where they express the common places of epitaphs merely, and where they take advantage of some particular circumstances in the individual's fate, or character. I wish we had a good selection of the old English epitaphs in verse.

ON A LADY KISSING A BOOK IN A COURT OF JUSTICE.

~~~~~

Ἀνδρῶπος τί πάθω ; καὶ ξυλον αἰσθάνεται .

~~~~~

O Jove ! what charter have those lips, to deal
 Abroad those kisses so unthrifty lavish'd ?
 If the dull parchment cannot choose but feel,
 How deem'st thou then our hearts (fair girl) are ravish'd !

~~~~~

Upon this subject, a very eminent writer wrote some lines in Latin extempore, some half century ago, which he was very speedily told, by an ingenious person, were borrowed from Lord Surrey ; and a copy of verses, in the old English style, was produced the next morning to support this charge of plagiarism ; which took in every body, till the book could be got at.

THE sun is not so cheerful as your eyes,  
Less comfort brings it to the wounded mind  
When discontent and fever'd thoughts arise,  
Your voice is softer than the western wind :  
The charms of nature, that all\* cares remove  
Are not so precious as your constant love.

---

\* Donde toda a tristeza se desterra.

## IN SOLIS TU MIHI TURBA LOCIS.



THERE is a heart, fast link'd with mine,  
    There is a spirit, one with me ;  
There is a friend, whose thoughts entwine  
    About my very wish to be ;  
One, in remotest distance, near,  
    In deepest solitude, at hand,  
Whose love the blackest gloom can cheer,  
    The closest sullenness expand ;  
And add a ten times brighter gleam  
To smiling fortune's sunny beam.

I SEEK no collars, rough with sculptur'd gold,  
Ambition's prize, to mantle on my breast ;  
More proud my shoulders, which your arms enfold,  
More rich, in Love's dear clasping circle prest.  
Bear hence those honours, gift of mighty kings,  
Victorious chiefs unenvy'd they may deck ;  
Vain are the showy gifts that Glory brings,  
To what Affection twines about my neck.

FACTA aliena licet sæva atque injusta, quid ad me ?

Hæc mea, quæ feci ; non mea, quæ patior.



Me Catuli, Bruti, me laudavere Catones ;

Sit decus et, Clodi, non placuisse tibi.

THERE is never a king, with his crown of gold,  
 That can bid my torments cease ;  
 There is never a spell, were it ten times told,  
 That can charm my thoughts to peace.  
 I have known what it is to be proud and high,  
 That am scorn'd by the meanest slave ;  
 I have known the light glance of the sparkling eye,  
 That am coward, and hush'd, and grave.  
 I have known what it is to be follow'd and fear'd  
 For the pow'r, that has past away ;  
 I have known what it is to be lov'd and cheer'd  
 By the heart, that is cold in clay.  
 I have known what it is to be honest and right,  
 I am rack'd by remorseful fear ;  
 I have known the sweet calm of the peaceful night,  
 —And the never-quench'd flame\* lies *here*.

---

\* Vathek.

## PETRARCH.

## SONNET 238.

WHERE the birds warble, and the summer breeze  
Still softly whispers thro' the rustling trees,  
Or the sweet murmur of a streamlet clear,  
Stretch'd on its verdant bank of flow'rs, I hear,  
There I sit pensive, and with sighs deplore  
My soul's dear idol, now beheld no more ;  
Heav'n, pitying wretched mortals, gave her birth,  
Now she lies wrapt in undistinguish'd earth.

But hark ! while sad I write, reviv'd again,  
Soft from afar, she answers to my strain ;  
“ Why do thy days in useless sorrow flow ?  
“ Why melt thine eyes in never-ceasing woe ?”  
Pitying she cries, “ My mortal stage is past,  
“ Weep not for me, my days for ever last,  
“ And when I seem'd on earth to close my sight,  
“ I wak'd, exalted in eternal light.”



## SONNET 8.

THOU Prince illustrious, on whom relies,  
As on a pillar firm, the race divine  
Of ancient Rome, and Latium's royal line,  
That still the storms of angry fate defies,  
Nor tow'r nor palace, here, nor domes arise,  
But 'stead of these, the beech, the oak, the pine,  
Where peaceful vales and craggy mountains join,  
Raise the rapt fancy to its kindred skies,  
All musing as I tread the lonely hills ;  
While plaintive Philomel, the livelong night,  
Soft to the moon her woes thick-warbling trills,  
And with Love's pleasing pain my bosom fills ;  
Yet while thou art not here, to glad my sight,  
Vain are my joys, imperfect my delight.

## CAMOENS.

## 1.

IN peace, fair Inez, till that fatal time,  
Pass'd the soft season of thy youthful prime,  
Wrapt in the fond delusive dream of joys,  
That cruel Fortune still too soon destroys,  
Among the valleys that Mondego laves,  
Proud to reflect thy beauties in his waves,  
Thou bad'st each hill repeat the name, imprint  
And deep engraven on thy youthful breast.

## 2.

Nor less thy Prince, when absent from thy arms,  
Fix'd in his heart, would still retrace thy charms;  
His fond remembrance bade thy form arise,  
Answer'd thy love, and echo'd back thy sighs;  
By night deceitful visions, and by day  
Hopes of unreal bliss, that pass'd away,  
In sweet enchantment could his hours employ,  
And all he thought, and all he saw, was joy.

## CAMOENS.



As the fair flow'r, that bright in vernal prime,  
Untender hands have cropt before its time,  
Cull'd for a wreath to grace the wanton fair,  
Now pining droops amid the spoiler's hair ;  
Its fragrance flies, its vivid hues decay,  
So sunk in death the pallid victim lay ;  
Her lips' fresh rose is wither'd, and fast fleets  
The glowing hue of life, as life retreats.



In Cintra's stream conceal'd the Naiads lie,  
And fondly hope from Love's soft snares to fly ;  
In vain—his net the wily Cupid throws,  
And the scorch'd nymph amid the water glows.

## CAMOENS.

## LUSIAD, CANTO IV.

THROUGH every band the foul contagion ran,  
 Disloyal terror spread from man to man,  
 Th' opposed numbers aw'd th' inferior host,  
 And all their native energy was lost ;  
 Not thus brave Nuno,—with disdain he glow'd,  
 And through the camp, in rage superior, strode ;  
 Indignant he address'd the trembling throng,  
 Rough were his words, not eloquent but strong,  
 With sword in hand, in angry majesty,  
 As if he threaten'd earth, and seas, and sky.

“What ! lives there one, who yields his country's fame,  
 Yet dares to boast the Lusitanian name ?  
 What ! from that land, renown'd and fear'd from far,  
 Queen of the nations, sovereign in war,  
 Shall one be born, who from her standard flies,  
 His name, his faith, his country, who denies,  
 Denies his aid in danger, and would see  
 His native Portugal in slavery ?

" Are ye not sprung from those, who rang'd of yore  
 Beneath the banner of Henriquez, bore  
 Defeat and slaughter through the foil'd array  
 Of those same Spaniards, whom you fear to-day ?  
 Think how they trembled then, how many a band,  
 How many a nation, fled your conqu'ring hand,  
 How vast the spoils ! a more than vulgar prey,  
 Sev'n captive Counts confess'd the victor's sway.

" And say, in later ages, who controul'd  
 Those, whom you now with other thoughts behold,  
 When Dionysius rous'd the patriot fire,  
 And great Alfonso, worthy of his Sire,  
 Who, but your fathers, then for glory bled,  
 And bravely follow'd where their princes led ?  
 What though you mourn'd, in base Fernando's reign  
 Your country's weakness, and your monarch's stain,  
 The patriot king, who now adorns the throne,  
 Bids each aspire with virtue like his own ;  
 As princes change, the people, weak or great,  
 Their follies share, their virtues emulate ;  
 Rais'd to the sceptre by the gen'ral voice,  
 No coward now contaminates your choice.  
 No ! could your might with his high courage vie,  
 Where'er you fought, your enemies must fly ;

All must be yours ; then hesitate no more  
To face a foe so oft subdu'd before.

“But if you strive against your fears in vain,  
Bow down, and court with uprais'd hands the chain ;  
Your abject necks beneath the victor bend ;  
I and my vassals will my King defend ;  
Defend with this——” (he spoke, and wav'd his sword,)  
“The land, that never own'd a foreign lord ;  
When in my sovereign's name I draw the blade,  
In my lost country's cause, by you betray'd,  
Not these alone shall feel my vengeful hand,  
But all, who dare my prince's right withstand ;  
And with these foes, let thousands more combine, •  
To meet, and to o'erthrow them all, be mine !”

## CAMOENS.



FROM him we have our law, whose pow'ful sway  
Invisible and visible obey,  
Who form'd all beings, and from nothing brought  
The world of matter, and the world of thought,  
Disgrace, and shame, and pain, for us who bore,  
Died innocent, that we might die no more,  
And down on earth descended from the skies,  
To make mankind to heav'n from earth to rise.

## CAMOENS.

~~~~~

As from the polish'd steel, or crystal bright,
Reflected flies the momentary light,
When on the mirror strikes the solar ray,
And swift return'd obliquely shoots away ;
Where'er, intent on sport, the careless boy
Through all the house directs the curious toy ;
The walls, the roofs, receive the flick'ring glare,
Now trembling here, now agitated there.

~~~~~

Camoens has endeavoured to give originality to the beautiful simile of Apollonius and Virgil, by making the light be reflected purposely by the motion of a mirror, instead of accidentally by the fluctuation of water in a bucket ; but it is not altered for the better.



ACTUM est—excessit mea lux, solusque relinquor

Deseror—ut magno frigore, corda rigent :

Nec prensare manum, nec vultum attollere contra

Sustinu, atque humili dicere voce, vale !

Sed quocunque viam, carissima, flectis, amator

Ex animo veris prosequitur lacrimis.

AND dost thou shine at —— thus, fair moon,  
Struggling through fleeces soft and pure thy way ?  
Now hid in dark uncertainty, and soon  
Full beaming in unmingled blue thy ray ?

And is there one, a heart of angel mould,  
An eye, blest throne of deep sincerity,  
Watching thy quiet path from fold to fold,  
With thoughts, that mocking distance, dwell with me ?

I know there is — what fancy dar'd not dream,  
Undoubted truth has made my daily treasure,  
My happy mem'ry's unexhausted theme,  
A bliss, more proud than fame, more sweet than pleasure.

## MALHERBE.



BUT she was of the world, whose choicest bloom  
Does first decay ;  
A rose, the life of roses was her doom,  
A single day.

FOR AN IMAGINARY PROSE TRANSLATION  
OF HOMER.

---

PLAIN and on foot go forth, immortal bard !  
 Unperishable voice of elder time,  
 Fountain of thought, echo'd in ev'ry rhyme,  
 Inspiring even such, as never heard  
 Thy mighty speech, nor manly feeling shar'd :  
 Home of the free-born soul, in ev'ry clime,  
 That flies, to thy deep lonely rest sublime,  
 From a vain world, by tyrant trifles marr'd.  
 —Shorn of thy matchless majesty of tongue,  
 Thy lofty, sweet, unforc'd, melodious flow,  
 The rich, uncumber'd utt'rance of thy mind,  
 Shorn of thy measur'd verse, but meeter so,  
 Than varnish'd o'er with any meaner song,  
 Than in barbaric trappings strange entwin'd.

IN welcome darkness I lay down my head ;  
As to a calmer world, from this I flee ;  
The weary ways of men extinct and dead,  
My soul shuts up into the love of thee.

When, fresh to life, I hail another morn,  
Into thy heart my first clear thoughts awaken,  
Into that dear reality new-born,  
Lapt in that atmosphere of joy unshaken.

## TU NOCTE VEL ATRA LUMEN.

~~~~~

Toss'd on a wild, tumultuous sea,
I roll in an unsteady bark ;
Above, around, I nothing see,
But stormy clouds, involv'd and dark ;
Save where, half through them, or between,
Upon a cliff, a tow'r on high,
Far off, unchang'd, though dimly seen,
Fixes, alone, my wand'ring eye :
Unshaken by the seas and wind,
It shoots a soft, small, constant ray ;
Such is, to me, thy steadfast mind,
When ills oppress my doubtful way.

OF love, of real love, we must not write ;

“ Mere empty trash, or childish affectation,

“ Despis’d, distrusted, and unfitting quite

“ For thought, or sense, or nobler occupation.”

Then Milton’s mind was fram’d of flimsy mould,

And Pope was all unfit for graver thought,

And “ serious” Spenser* had been better cold,

And none but children are by Horace taught.

Then was the Tuscan, at whose very name†

Divine delight and thrilling horror swell,

Sounding, with head of steel, and heart of flame,

Man’s inmost nature, in the depths of hell ;

Who first the prison-bars of fancy broke,

Scatter’d at once, the long, dull, turbid dream,

Rous’d full-form’d Mind, rebellious, from the yoke,

—The silly trifle of a silly theme.

* Bishop Hall, “ Our sage, serious Spenser.”

† Divina voluptas Percipit atque horror.—LUCR.

I suppose it is hardly necessary to explain, that Dante wrote abundance of love-verses ; some of them, as Boccaccio asserts, when he was old.

And is it true ? are we so cold and wise ?

Our sober reason can no passion thaw ?

No—let yon “eldest of the gods” arise,

And in grave accents vindicate his law.

“ Vain, solemn, trifling, artificial age,

“ Thy nature is below me, not above ;

“ Timid, uneasy, sneering ; not too sage,

“ But too ridiculous, to value Love.”

INTENDED FOR THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.



TORRENTS, that never flash'd on human eye,
 And wide waste places,* by man's foot untrod,
 And cliffs, where still and pensive piety
 Broods on these speaking monuments of God !

Why comes the stranger from the sea-beat isle,
 Pilgrim of Nature, these lone wilds to tread ?
 Loves he the solemn vow, the voiceless pile,
 Or venerates his soul the martyr'd dead ?

The dead he seeks indeed—no saint austere,
 But the great master of the lofty lay ;
 Genius of England, thou art mighty here,
 And Bruno's convent is the shrine of *Gray*.



* Sackville, Induction to M. of Magistrates.

—AND are they forms of earth, that I descry,
 Or the gay, gorgeous mansions of the sky ?
 Over the length'ning valley, rising slow,
 From the dark forest, and the pale cold snow ?
 No ! the dear vision of my eager pray'r
 Stands real to my sight—the Alps are there !
 As we pass onward, wide and wider spread,
 Each slow-unfolded mountain lifts its head ;
 From those bright summits, which alone the sun,
 As they were Light's own home, fond dwells upon,
 To countless steeps, whose shooting streaks of snow
 Feather with radiance the dark rocks below,
 And black bare cliffs, before them, frowning rude,
 To sentinel the trackless solitude.

And last, laid meekly down at their huge feet,
 Soft spreads the lovely lake her ample sheet,
 That stretch'd in all its length, from bound to bound,
 From far-seen Chillon, circling gently round
 The rocky shores of beauteous Mcilleric,
 Leads on in loveliness the willing eye,
 As in long winding bays her billows sleep,
 Or tower'd cities breast her tideless deep.

And where the distant verge of the dim wave
 Seems softly lapt beneath the grey Salève,
 There stirs a mighty spirit—yon still air
 Tells not man's busy race is busiest there ;
 Unseen in that calm-seeming corner lie
 Throng'd marts of trade, grave haunts of piety,
 And calm retreats of science, and thy thrones,
 Strict Law, whose only sway the freeman owns.
 There burst a mighty flame, that answer'd far
 The beacon-blaze of intellectual war,
 When rose the nations, and the priestly yoke
 Fell from them in their anger, and day broke.
 The despot pontiff, at thy humble name,
Geneva, hush'd his thunders, and was tame.

CARRARA.



AGES had roll'd, or e'er the hand of man
Boldly the great career of Art began ;
Unvalued and unpenetrated, then,
Rose the rude mountains in Carrara's glen ;
No fragment, from Lavenza's lonely shore,
Had bade the world fall prostrate, and adore ;
But in the rugged cliffs, unseen, untrod,
Cold in the lifeless marble slept the God ;
Till Genius started from his sleep, and spoke,
And the long night of countless ages broke ;
Bade the rough precipice its stores unlock,
Sent forth to fame the animated rock,
And made the wonder-stricken nations own
Unperishable life, in lifeless stone.

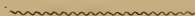
NAPLES.

JAMQUE abeo, placidosque sinus, et grata relinquo
 Litora, dilectumque per omnia sæcula cœlum.
 Fallor ? an hærenti mihi jam, gressumque prementi,
 Blandum nescio quid subridens pontus, amœno
 Murmure tentat adhuc animum revocare, magisque
 Cœruleum jacet unda jubar, solitoque videtur*
 Pulchrius ostendi pelagus, purusque magis sol ?
 Vado tamen—nec me, dum pectore viva vigebit
 Mens, tua, Parthenope, jucunda et dulcis imago
 Deficiet ; semper meminisse juvabit amatae
 Urbis, et antiqui portus, feralè† minantis
 Montis, et adverso surgentis in æquore contrà
 Insulæ ; inexpletum recolam, absentesque videbor
 Cernere adhuc, mollesque sinus, hortosque, et amictos
 Vitibus innumeris colles, et celsa jugorum
 Dorsa procul, tremuloque† inversas æquore turres.

* Gray.

† Statius, ap. Cramer, "Italy."

—THERE, as the stranger's eye, at close of day,
Tracks the faint circle of the distant bay,
Soft gales of ocean health and peace impart,
And joy steals slowly on the swelling heart.



—Where lofty Agrigentum rears afar
Walls, that securely mock'd barbaric war,
And giant columns, link'd in proud array,
Where crouch, aghast, the children of to-day.

AT THE TRAGIC THEATRE AT PAESTUM.

~~~~~

THE mist of years rolls back—before my eyes  
 The sov'reign throng collects, the columns rise,  
 Bright forms, in stately dance, 'mid breathings sweet  
 Of high religious music, circling meet ;  
 Then speaks the voice of courage, or of sense,  
 Of deep distress, of winning eloquence,  
 Of noble enterprise, of anxious care,  
 Of high forgiveness, of soul-piercing prayer,  
 And deep prophetic cursing, and the eye,  
 Tearless\* and fix'd, of sullen Destiny,  
 And self-devoted death, and racking pain,  
 And the dark visions of the fever'd brain,  
 And virgin innocence, and saws of age,  
 Deliberate despair, and headlong rage :  
 All that the varied lights of life display,  
 Of human passion's never-ceasing play,  
 All that the poet's searching glance can find  
 Stor'd in the trackless fastnesses of Mind.

~~~~~

* *Ξηροῖς ἀκλαύστοις ὕμμασιν προσιξάνει*—ÆSCH.

SEE, first emerging from the dusk of time,
 Th' earliest* relic of a hand sublime,
 Of Æschylus, the Muse's boldest child,
 Rise like a far-seen ruin from the wild.
 See, to the kindred shores of Argos borne,
 The persecuted maids of Egypt mourn :
 Vaunt in high phrase their sky-descended race,
 Claim for their woes the suppliant's resting-place,
 Pour from their Nile-bred lips Ionian strains,
 As the lone exil'd nightingale complains,
 Yet look to him, who from his tow'r on high
 Strikes down the proud, and hears the feeble cry,
 Call boldly to the king of kings above,
 And trust, unterrify'd, their father Jove.

* This alludes to the *Suppliants* of Æschylus ; but the notion, that it is his first play is not countenanced by the learned at present. The following lines are taken from different passages in that tragedy, the most *religious*, perhaps, of all antique productions.

ATHENIAN COMEDY.

HARK ! mid the throng* what moral thunder broke ?
 Was it the grave philosopher, that spoke ?
 Or orator, whose lips, with† nectar dew'd,
 Aw'd into sense the gather'd multitude ?
 No—from yon gay, debauchful, comic scene,
 That, stuff'd with ribaldry and jests obscene,
 Seem'd born but in its bursts of wanton mirth,
 To degrade eminence, and slander worth,

* It is observed, by Isocrates, that the Athenian people would not hear the truth from their orators in the public assemblies, where it might have been supposed that it was the precise object for which they met, and though they had it all to themselves, it being death for any stranger to be present : but that they suffered themselves to be freely satirized by the comedians, at performances which were frequented from all parts of Greece.

The play of the Knights, or rather the Equestrian Order, by Aristophanes, exhibits the impersonated People as a doting old man, kept in confinement, and made a tool, by the demagogue Cleon, who is brought on the stage himself, and represented in the most odious, detestable, and ridiculous light.

† Spenser. Book vii.

From thence the sacred voice was heard—free there,
 Truth taught the* tyrant People, what they were ;
 Bade them sit still and tremble, while her tongue
 Home to the quick their wincing vices stung ;†
 And made the noisy demagogue, whose trade
 Was blood, whom nations flatter'd, fear'd, and paid,‡
 See his face§ mimick'd, hear his vaunted name
 Held up to execration and to shame.



* *τυραννον ἔχετε τὴν πόλιν.*—THUCYD.

† —*rubet auditor, cui conscia mens est*

Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa.—PERS.

‡ *χρυσίῳ τῶν ταῦτα ποιοῦντων ἐβουον τὸ στομα.*—ARISTOPH.

§ This seems to have been only attempted, as to Cleon; but was common in other instances, I believe.

THE LUCID INTERVAL.



A calm and gentle peace
Sheds on me from on high,
The bitter chidings cease,
The tempest passes by.

The cruel wounds are healing,
The scatter'd thoughts unite,
The soft and open feeling,
The wishes plain and right.

I, that have aim'd so high,
To be despis'd and bound !
Yet there was still an eye
That watch'd me on the ground.

One while a brute in passion,
One while a senseless clod,
Too low for man's compassion,
I had a friend in God.

My ills the fiercer are,
Because but half I know them ;
And those—I must not dare
To my own thoughts to shew them.

And have I ?—deep-dy'd shame,
I never can remove !—
Yet once I hop'd for fame,
Poor wretch ! and dream'd of love.

I cry—she cannot hear me,
—And do I wish she knew ?
Once—did I see her near me ?
O mad ! to think that true !

THE CRUSADES.



No wielded sword, fierce flaming in the van,
 Usher'd His mild and genial law to man ;
 No sweeping hosts, by felon prophets led,
 Forc'd the new faith on tribes discomfited :
 He came to bid the strife of passion cease,
 And works of mercy vouch'd for words of peace.—
 Shall not the region, by his footsteps prest,
 Be 'mid the torn world one fix'd point of rest ?
 Shall that blest spot, that highly favour'd shore,
 Ever know wrath, or war, or hatred, more ?
 Shall not his voice still linger in the air,
 Forbidding aught but love to harbour there ?
 A thousand years may roll, but shall not still
 Meek Mercy brood on Sion's chosen hill ?
 —A thousand years have roll'd—look now, and see,
 Are yon black bands the priests of Charity ?
 Shoal'd forth by myriads, and sheath'd in steel,
 Taught not to fear, and practis'd not to feel,

To slay, to ravage, and destroy, they come,
These patient martyrs of meek Christendom !
Famine and blood close follow in their train,
And lawless riot stamps its brutish stain.
—Turn back the sicken'd gaze, and “melt with ruth,”
And ask, if these be Christians, what is truth ?
Does it concern thee, Lord of earth and sky,
Under what badge the fierce and bloody die ?
Or, in thy sight, do the destroyers all,
Frown'd on alike, for Cross or Crescent fall ?

How strange a thing it is, to live
And learn but to confess,
The times, when we may freely grieve,
Times of most happiness !

Then, the small slaveries of life,
That deaden, and molest,
Enjoyments forc'd, and smother'd strife,
Leave the clear thoughts at rest.

O world, thy gayer joys I know,
Thy gifts I do not scorn ;
Still, better few canst thou bestow,
Than liberty to mourn.

My flow'rs may bloom, but not to thee, dear friend,
Can I the firstlings of my garden send ;
My fruits may ripen, but unheeded, now,
They will drop off, or wither on the bough ;
It was my pleasure, in the circling year,
Each season's gifts to cull for one so dear ;
Nothing came trifling to thy partial mind,
Each herb was welcome, and each word was kind ;
In helpless malady, and slow decay,
Thy firm affections held but stronger sway ;
Seem'd as their onward flow, and steady course,
Swell'd with the loss of ev'ry other force ;
And if my heart's devoted care could please,
If my weak tributes gave a moment's ease,
If, when thy recollection went and came,
Thy last clear spirit faintly blest my name,
—O proud and mighty world, what real bliss
Could all thy glories offer me, to this !

MARTYRS' Memorial! but whom have we there?
 Canst thou such honour, Cranmer, hope to share?
 Put off that wreath, it fits not to thy brow;
 Thou hast made martyrs, but no martyr thou.
 Crime is not hallow'd by the tort'ring hour;
 What were thy deeds, when arm'd thyself with pow'r?
 A poor misguided maid chain'd down in flame,
 A prince, all goodness, urg'd to guilt and shame.
 Deeds, worthy of the means that rais'd thee first,
 Of lust and tyranny thou tool accurst.
 And when the tide was turn'd, and danger nigh,
 Didst thou, stern honest martyr, scorn to fly?
 Teacher of millions to cast off their chain,
 Chief in revolt, didst thou lead on in pain?
 Or, poor apostate, shrinking from the rod,
 Desert at once thy followers and thy God,
 And die but when the Cranmers of the day
 Deem'd thy apostacy not worth its pay.

All this, no doubt, would be too violent for prose; and I wish, too, carefully to repudiate the natural inference that I am a follower of certain notions now prevailing at Oxford, for which I have no kind of admiration.

GALATEA.

THE much-lov'd maid is on the sea,
 To leave her native shore,
 To part from many friends, and me,
 Perhaps, to meet no more.

Fan her, ye choicest gales of air,
 Beam gently on her, skies ;
 Round her, soft waves, to sooth her care,
 In all your beauty rise.

And I, can I lift up my head,
 Subdu'd by numbing grief ?
 Can thoughts or things, to heart so dead,
 Give int'rest or relief ?

Is not the smiling face of day
 To me a dismal den,
 And like to savage* beasts of prey
 The cheerful ways of men ?

* Petrarch.

O no ! no moment since my birth
More happiness was mine ;
Not for the first, best joys of earth,
Would I this state resign.

If pleasure will not always last,
Am I to call it pain ?
I brood on all my bliss o'erpast,
On all my treasur'd gain.

She leaves me, what I would not change
For aught that Glory gives,
Still fix'd, wherever she may range,
Within my heart she lives.

SARRASIN,
TO
THE DUCHESS OF LONGUEVILLE.

BRIGHT object of an universal flame,
Whom king and regent, by their royal ban,
 Rebellious to their pow'r proclaim,
And Cupid and his mother say the same,
Traitor to kings below, and gods above ;
 Work out your quarrel as you can
 With Louis and with Anne,
But make your peace with Venus and with Love.

Ἄδ' ἄγε μοι λαλαγήσον ἅπ' ἀγκεῶς, ὦκυ ῥέεθμον,
Τραυλον ἄτε βρεφῶς σου τὸ μελισμα κλύειν·
Αὐτοφύες, πολυγαῖες, αἰεὶ νεον ὥς ἀρά μοι φρήν
Τῇ σεο λυσιπονῶ θάλπεται εὐμελίῃ.

I AM weak, unapt for strife,
 Little care I for the many ;
In my narrow path of life,
 Few have known me well, if any.
My young heart was never bold,
 What I might have had, it lost me ;
Now I am depress'd and old,
 Late I feel, how much it cost me.
But some kindly beams I see
Shed a light and life on me.

DEAR —, did thy disembodied soul,
When first set free, shed influence over mine?
Did thy fine feeling my dull clay control,
Thy spirit work with me in ev'ry line?

THE faculties of life decay,
I dread the stealth of creeping years,
A wretched, melancholy prey
To vain regrets, and gloomy fears.
But one sweet hope supports me still,
I feel, when all unapt to move,
Unfit to think, afraid to will,
Yet, fix'd as ever, I can love.
When force shall from the limbs depart,
And thought oppress the feeble brain,
And courage leave the fainting heart,
Unchanging love may still remain.

SLEEP, dread blast, the twin of death,
 Thought, and sense, and motion stealing ;
 —Kind restorer, balmy breath,
 Pain, and care, and labour, healing !

Is then life a gift bestow'd,
 Sad to lose, and sweet to cherish ?
 Or a fretful, weary load,
 Gain, its loss ? a boon, to perish ?

But in sleep, the fancy waking,
 In another world than this,
 Wild its range in freedom taking,
 Paints imaginary bliss.

Vain ! the dream dissolves in day,
 Stern and rude, the certain morrow
 Tears our bright, gay film away,
 Mock'd with joy, to sharpen sorrow.

AMERICA, thy name recalls the strange
 And wild vicissitudes of human fate,
 The dark, untried, futurity of change,
 That can the fancied views of mortals uncreate.
 As one in proud imagination fails,
 Brought down to helpless shame,
 Another, frustrate of his humbler aim,
 As the bright star prevails,
 Rises to unexpected heights of fame.
 So far'd it, in our stirring times of old,
 With kindred souls of manly mould ;
 See, from before a monarch's face,
 Hampden and Cromwell, when their hope was dead,
 Escaping, to a poor and infant race,
 Unconscious of their weightier destinies ;
 Compell'd, by that same pow'r from which they fled,
 To stay, and brood upon their dormant energies,
 Till the late burst of gather'd rancour came,
 Then, fan the long-pent flame,
 Till they had crush'd that pow'r to dust, and clean
 discomfited.
 Milton, content with fame at home,
 Grasp'd at no foreign immortality ;

Let me, said he, for ages yet to come,
 Be read where Ouse and Trent shall flow,
 Let distant Tweed my labours know,
 And farthest, if my voice can stretch so far,
 Amid their elemental war,
 The* storm-swept Orkneys learn my lays, while I
 Secure† within my peaceful tomb shall lie.
 —By Ganges and Ohio, mighty bard,
 To far Oregon's western bay,
 To the great Southern queen of isles, and some
 Smallest, that gem the wide Pacific foam,
 And shore of multitudinous proud Cathay,
 Thy voice is heard !
 In realms, unknown when thou didst frame thy lay,
 Thy verse is as the‡ household words of man,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright path can scan,
 Upon it never shuts the eye of day,
 Nor shall, when thy own England's pow'r, and freedom,
 shall decay.

The idea of this is taken from Milton's *Epitaphium Damonis*, and letter to Diodati.

* W. Scott.

† Milt. Mansus.

‡ Shakesp. Henry V.

WRITTEN IN SIR HENRY HALFORD'S ESSAYS.

PAGE 110.

DONEC jam morte sub ipsa
Nubila discutiuntur, et incorrupta magis mens
Elucet ; necnon venturi præscia lingua
Ætherio sonat afflatu ; comitemque caducum
Reppulit, et victrix superas anima exit in auras.

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